

Reason aside: by the face of an early moon
I imagine him still down below — somewhere,
striking with purpose;

for the centre of the earth;
China;
or the dark and secret mirror of himself.

JEFF GUESS

THE ABANDONED FARM

circa 1930

In only a few seasons the weatherboard house
has been swung out of kilter. Falling apart.

The fly-wire door bangs on a legacy
of empty heat-blown summer afternoons.

Keeps time with the lunacy
of all that's left behind,

Marks like a slow sad metronome
the family that locked the gate, behind them —

a last time, and vanished
into years of neglect, poverty and grind.

Now on the spider's slow industry, a tractor
that could not be driven away is held

together beneath a golden cypress. Silver
threads that chain it, to colossal loss.